

*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**



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- **Retire and Start to Live—Lorrie McLaughlin**
- **Even the Youngest Belongs—Elizabeth F. Tibbals**

**MARCH, 1956 - 25c**



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*by Elizabeth F. Tibbals*

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**T**IM IS a Carver. His birth certificate reads Timothy Williams Carver, II, the impressive sounding name that John and Mary Carver bestowed upon their tiny son five years ago when he was born. He is a member of the Carver family along with Mother and Daddy, Bob, Nancy, and Steve. He has Mother's brown eyes and Daddy's red hair and freckles. Everyone knows he's a Carver—that is, everyone knows since last Sunday afternoon.

Lately, Tim himself had been wondering. Did he really belong to the family? Did they care what he thought, or what he wanted to do? Could he help the family? Was he important to them?

Oh, Tim never asked these questions. He couldn't have told you what was bothering him, if you had asked. But it bothered him just the same. Of course, he had a good home. Mother saw that he had warm clothes to wear and three good meals a day. He had toys and boys and girls near by to play with.

Sometimes Nancy, who was sixteen, pointed him out to her friends as they went by, and he heard them say, "How cute!" Nancy thought he was a baby. He knew she did. She even talked baby talk to him when Mother was out and she put him to bed! She seldom talked to him at all any other time.

With Bob it was almost the same. Sometimes his big brother let him stay in the basement when he was working. But he wasn't allowed to do anything but watch. "You're not big enough," were the scornful words Tim heard most often from the lips of his twelve-year-old brother.

Steve had no time for Tim. His Cub Scout activities took up most of his waking hours—and many of his mother's, for she was a den mother. On Cub Scout days Tim could always be sure he'd be sent to Jack's house, or Susan's down the street, to play. Five-year-olds were too little to hang around Cub Scouts!

Even Daddy had hard work re-

membering that Tim would be going to school next September. Too often he, too, brushed Tim aside as "not big enough to help" or "too slow" to wait for.

Mother really knew Tim best. She seemed to understand—when she took time to think, and last Sunday had been one of those times.

It was the day for the family to meet in the afternoon to talk things over—Family Council, they called it. Tim usually had to take a nap or else sit beside Mother and look at a book while they talked. No one asked his opinion. In fact, these meetings were one thing that had made him feel he just didn't "belong."

But on Sunday, it was different. Daddy began the meeting by talking about a church project that every family was asked to support—bringing shoes and other good used clothing to be sent to Europe for people who needed them, and bringing money to buy powdered milk for the children. Nancy said she had a dress she could give. It

even the younges



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**Sometimes parents forget that the youngest child wants  
to contribute to the family  
just like his older brothers and sisters**

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was too small for her now, and she hadn't worn it much. Steve and Bob each had a sweater, and Bob had some shoes, but no one had any ideas about money to bring. There never seemed to be too much money in the Carver family.

"I think Tim can help us," Mother said, and she gave him a big smile. "What did Mrs. Gray suggest to you at church kindergarten?" Tim could hardly believe his ears! He sat up very straight.

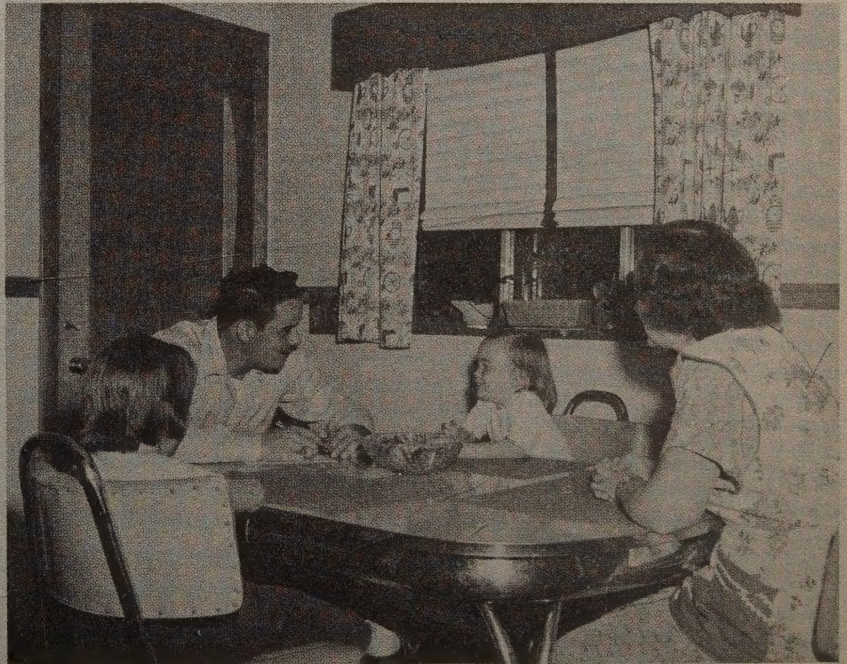
"She talked about saving some money every time we eat," he said. "You put a milk bottle by the table. Then when you don't have any dessert for dinner, you put a dime in the milk bottle."

Steve was doing some rapid figuring. "Say, that's an idea!" he exclaimed. "There are six of us; so we'd have sixty cents a day, and in two weeks that would be \$8.40. Wow! That would buy a lot of powdered milk."

There was more discussion. Bob

*(Continued on page 28)*

photo by erb



You might be surprised to find that even small children have worth-while opinions to voice when the family council meets.

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# belongs





Harold M. Lambert

***This doleful husband and  
first-time father should  
play in an orchestra. He  
says he's playing second  
fiddle in his wife's affec-  
tions since the arrival  
of the proverbial "little  
white bundle from heaven."***

**M**Y HUSBAND and I were completely happy with the six-pound bundle we brought home from the hospital. Hubby proudly doled out treats, and I settled down to my daily ritual of laundry, formula, and baby tending.

As I think back, I can see that it was at this point that my husband began to recede into the Land of Forgotten Men. Vaguely, I realized at the time that all was not well with his morale, but I had no time to analyze his moods. Baby cried, and I flew to him, my whole being intent upon his needs. It didn't matter that my husband had been in the midst of telling me proudly about his increased sales for the month; when "my master's voice" called, the discussion was dropped with a crash, never to be remembered again—by me, at least.

For several months I went on blissfully being a madonna—and only a madonna. Then one evening I was awakened by a bombshell, no less startling because it was mute. Dinner was on the table at last, hours after our "old" dinner hour, for now the meal

must wait until Baby was fed, burped, diapered, and bedded down for the night. As we started to eat, I began lengthily quoting the pediatrician who, that afternoon, had given our cherub his monthly bill of health.

Suddenly, the peace and quiet dissolved. The Little

**'B**

King began to lay down the law like the absolute monarch he was. I heaved a sigh and pushed back my chair, but Hubby generously offered to find out what his majesty wanted. I settled back to enjoy my coffee.

The anticipated enjoyment, however, escaped me, for the wails continued; in fact, they grew more and more lusty. With some apprehension, perhaps mixed with intuition, I left my coffee to cool as usual and hurried to the scene of the commotion. Not quite knowing why, I entered the room noiselessly, and without making my presence known, stood watching my husband and son.

There before my amazed eyes lay a revelation. Hubby stood beside the crib looking down at the small, wiggling form, with his heart in his eyes. In that fraction of an instant, I saw pain, the kind that hurts so deeply you don't talk about it. I saw jealousy, the kind that poisons the heart in which it lies. Then I saw love, too, the longing love that wants to express itself but doesn't know how; that craves admittance to the "Inner Sanctum," but can't find the key.

Poor, dear Hubby had been shoved too far out into the cold; this was clear. I had caught him with his feelings showing, and I knew.

As soon as he became aware of my presence, the expression vanished, and his color deepened. I pretended that I had seen nothing as I gathered up the baby. But I *had* seen the whole story, far more clearly than if he had attempted to tell it to me in words—which, of course, he would never have done. Blinded by my total absorption in the new bit of humanity which was so utterly dependent upon me, I had allowed things to become wholly one-sided. In my husband's eyes the baby, which we had dreamed of and planned for so happily, had cast him out, had taken first place in my affections, and had left him but a lonely shadow in his own home.

With deep contrition I realized there was ample excuse for his feeling as he did. Something must be done at once to rectify the wrong I had unconsciously done him. My mind raced. Of course, I could watch myself carefully to see that I showed more love and consideration for my husband than I had been showing since the baby's arrival. I could make myself more responsive to his moods, more



By Ruth Leedom Griffith

as told to

Marion Marsh Brown

# Try a Good to Husband Week'

attentive to his conversations; but this would be a slow process of rehabilitation. What I wanted was something immediate to put the neglected Head of Our Family back where he belonged and make him unequivocally "one of us," with the status he deserved. For I felt poignantly that I had let this situation go too far.

For several days I pondered, without being able to come up with a plan. At least, I told myself

**A wife should not neglect her husband to devote all of her time and attention to the baby. Hubby still needs love, too.**

*Pinney from Monkmeyer*



ruefully, not all of my thought was now on the newest member of the family.

Then one evening as my husband and I were going over the budget, he gave me the idea I had been searching for. The neatly added little columns of figures came out in the red as usual. He tipped back in his chair and said, "Honey, I feel like declaring a 'Donate to Us Week'; there's a week for everything else, and ours is as good a cause as the next one!"

A little bell rang in my brain, and my ears stood up as an idea took shape. I thought: Yes, that's it! It wasn't a "Donate to Us Week" that I was mentally declaring. It was a "Be Good to Husband Week."

Early the next morning I set happily to work. First, I baked my husband's favorite chocolate layer cake; then I scurried about putting the house in apple pie order. The man in my life was an orderly soul who abhorred clutter. Yet he had said no word about the condition of his home during the past weeks. Tonight, no Chinese laundry would greet him—no diapers draped on the bathtub to dry, no little garments soaking in the lavatory. No unwashed dishes would be piled in the sink. No dust would obscure the furniture.

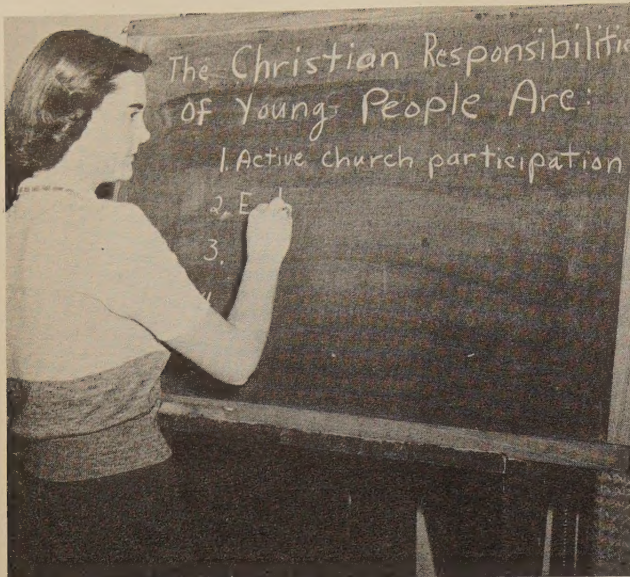
The Little King seemed to catch the spirit of the day and gurgled happily as I worked. It was great fun, seeing our "dream house" emerge in its true colors again.

Finally, there was a quick trip to the neighborhood shopping center for a small gift, and my plans were complete.

When Hubby returned home from work, dinner was ready for the first time in months. Baby sat contentedly in his play pen, and I wore the yellow dress which was my husband's favorite. The cake stood in the center of the carefully set table, like a birthday special, and the gift at his place lent the final touch.

*(Continued on page 10)*





Clark and Clark

With proper guidance in the home, teen-agers can become good Christians who are assets to their communities.

# Parents Should Set Limits

**"True liberty**

**is a liberty to do everything**

**that is right, and the**

**being restrained from**

**doing anything that is wrong."**

**(Jonathan Boucher)**

**by jackson wilcox**

"Two Teen-Agers Arrested in Looting Case."

"Three Youths, Girl, Held as Holdup Gang Suspects."

"Boy Confesses Strangulation of Sister."

These headlines were picked at random from a large city newspaper. They are not unusual. They typify what is found on police blotters throughout the nation. The staff of a Senate Judiciary Subcommittee to Investigate Juvenile Delinquency report a 45 per cent increase in juvenile crime over the past five years. Last year 1,000,000 youngsters came into conflict with law enforcement authorities. Unless drastic action is taken, experts are saying that this number will mount to more than 2,000,000 by 1960.

What is the answer? A vast number of different suggestions have been made.

Cheap, immoral, sexy movies, television programs, and comic books have been accused of creating this problem. Without doubt these things do contribute to delinquency; but American moral leaders have been trying to clean such things up for a long time. They have developed codes, appointed censors, and published preferred lists. Nevertheless, J. Edgar Hoover reports that the circulation of "sex" magazines has soared to 15,000,000 a month. Hollywood still considers crime and sex exploitation as starring box office attractions.

The failure of the church and the community to provide proper and wholesome recreational facilities has often been blamed for the rise of juvenile crime; but church people and community leaders have tried. The tragedy is that there are even church-sponsored youth centers which have contributed to the incubation of young hoodlums and troublemakers. In one western city of 150,000 a weekly dance in an Episcopal

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# The COOKY JAR

by Margaret Goff Clark

*Illustration by Paul Swisher*

THE YOUNG man stood outside the screen door to the kitchen. Nervously he wiped his dusty shoes on the mat and brushed at his travel-soiled dungarees. A warm draft brought him the scent of baked beans and fresh gingerbread. He raised his hand to knock, then hesitated, glancing behind him at the green yard dotted with white and brown chickens. Farther back was the barn, well-built but beginning to need paint.

Reassured, he lifted his hand again and knocked confidently. This was the place he'd heard about in the village, all right. The owner was a widow and it ought to be just the spot for a bright boy who knew enough to seize an opportunity when it came.

"Come in," called a voice from somewhere in the house.

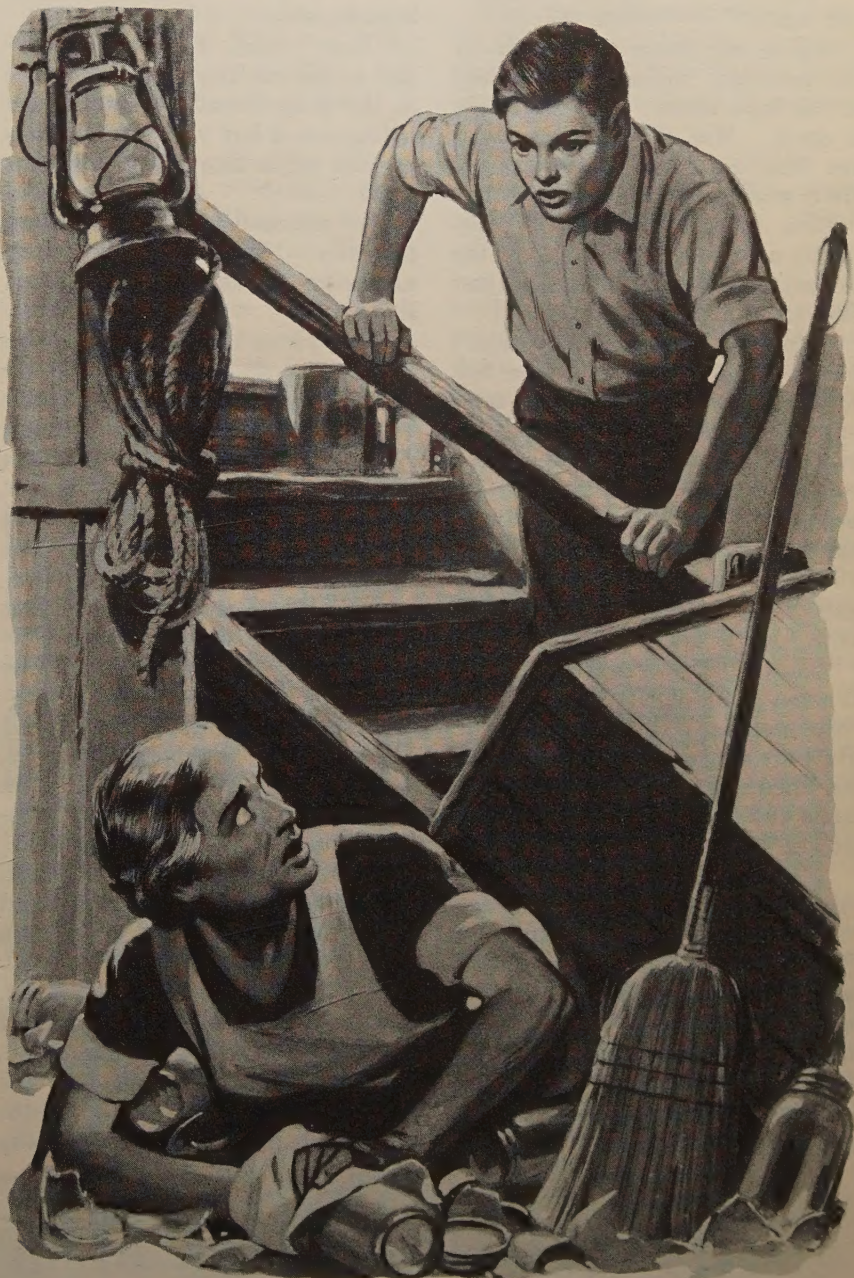
Doubtfully, the young man pulled on the screen door. It opened easily. He felt a stab of joy so sharp it almost hurt. The past three months in reform school had taught him to appreciate unlocked doors.

He was still standing outside, holding the screen door ajar, when a thin little woman of about fifty trotted briskly into the kitchen. "Come in," she repeated. "You're letting in the flies."

The boy entered quickly, taking in everything at a glance—the big coal range, the shining white porcelain table, the scrubbed wood floor.

"Thank you, Ma'am," he said. "My name's Walter Grant. I thought you might be needing some help with the farm."

"Well," said the woman, "and what gave you that idea?"



One leg seemed to be broken. Now he could take the money and leave safely. It might be hours before she was found, and by then he would be far away.



He answered promptly. "I stopped in the village . . . at the drugstore. Man in there . . . Mr. Strassburg, told me you was . . . were alone here." He shifted his weight from one foot to the other. "That is, you didn't have anyone to do the heavy work."

The woman's alert brown eyes looked him up and down. Walter felt uncomfortable under her sharp scrutiny. He tried to hide his right foot behind the left so she would not see how the toe of his shoe was coming loose from the sole.

"Sit down," she said abruptly. "I'm Mrs. Parker, as I suppose you know."

Walter sat down in a chair by the porcelain table. It felt cold to his bare arms. This would be a cinch. Mrs. Parker was sorry for him already, he could tell. He'd work on that.

Bats Morgan, who was practically a permanent resident of the reform school, had told him just how to go about it.

"You get some old lady who's living alone, see, and you be real nice to her and sooner or later you'll get a chance to rob her of everything but her gold teeth."

Walter asked doubtfully, "An old lady? One who never did anything to me?"

"Boy, are you chicken!" Bats exclaimed. "You want to get even, don't you?"

"Sure," Walter agreed. "But it wasn't any old lady that got me into trouble. It was my uncle. He's my guardian since my pa and ma died. I only took what was mine and he turned me over to the police."

"What d'you mean, you took what was yours?"

"My pay," Walter explained. "I worked for him in his store . . . after school, evenings, all day Saturday. He said he'd pay me and he never did. Six months I worked and never a cent."

"So you helped yourself and got caught."

Walter nodded unhappily. "Ten dollars, I took. That's not much pay for six months' hard work."

"You sure had a tough break," Bats said. "Now you got the name of being a thief, anyway, so you might's well be one. Only this time take enough to make it worth while."

Four weeks later Bats had broken out of the school and had taken Walter with him. Five miles from the school they had separated. Bats went north and Walter had headed south, determined to get even with a world that had given him nothing but hard knocks.

"Now," Mrs. Parker was saying, as she cut him a generous slice of the gingerbread, "tell me how it happens a boy your age is walking the roads like this looking for a job."

He watched the gingerbread hungrily. He wanted to jump up and seize it but he made himself sit quietly.

"My pa and ma are dead," he said. That, at least, was true. "I don't want any charity. I want to earn my own way. I know farm work. I was brought up on a farm till my pa and ma died."

Mrs. Parker set the gingerbread in front of him. "What about relatives?" she asked.

Walter had to swallow his first oversized bite of gingerbread before he could answer. "None," he said firmly.

Mrs. Parker's brown eyes looked into his. He stared back steadily. It was no lie, he told himself. You couldn't call Uncle Matt a relative, not the way he treated him.

"All right," said Mrs. Parker. "I'll try you out. Room and board and ten dollars a week. It's all I can afford."

"It's okay," said Walter. "Thanks." He applied himself wholeheartedly to the gingerbread.

He was chagrined to find the sun was high when he awoke the next morning. This was no way

to make a good impression.

His clothes were on the chair where he had left them the night before but now they were clean and mended. There was an almost new pair of shoes that fitted fairly well.

Nice, he thought. *That was nice of her.* Bats's advice came into his mind. *Don't be chicken,* he told himself. *She probably figured she couldn't get any work out of me if I was tripping over the sole of my shoe.*

Mrs. Parker was busy scalding milk cans in the kitchen when he came down.

"Why didn't you call me?" he asked.

"You needed to sleep."

"Thanks," said Walter. "I'll get right out and milk the cows now."

"They're milked. Sit down and eat your breakfast."

The rest of the day he worked.

He cultivated the corn. It was knee high and doing fine. He found himself automatically guiding the cultivator neatly around each hill, being careful not to touch the stalk, the way his father had taught him when he was a little fellow.

He thought, *I ought to have my head examined. What's it matter how I do this job? I'll only be here a couple days till I find out where she keeps her money.*

But the cultivator kept on its careful way. "Might's well do it right," he grumbled to himself. "Everything'll go easier if I get her to trust me. That's what Bats says."

It was late afternoon when the feed man came. Walter helped him unload the bags, keeping an eye on Mrs. Parker when she came out to pay the man. It was cash. She paid her bills in cash.

Good, thought Walter. *Now when I find out where she keeps it . . .*

It was Saturday and he'd been at Mrs. Parker's for five days

**He had the name of a thief so now,**



when he found out where she kept the money.

"Payday," she said cheerily after dinner. She went into the pantry. In a minute she came back with a ten-dollar bill.

So that's where the money was. Walter took the bill hesitantly. "I've only been here since Monday. I didn't earn that much yet."

"That's all right. I'm satisfied."

"Thank you, Ma'am," said Walter, folding the bill and putting it deep in his pocket. Money! It sure was good to have some money again.

"How'd you like to go to town?" Mrs. Parker suggested. "Look around the stores and get a haircut. You can take the bike."

"Well, thanks." He wished she weren't so kind.

After riding around town for a while he went to the drugstore. Sitting down on a stool at the soda fountain he ordered a fudge sundae. Mr. Strassburg waited on him.

"Aren't you the boy?" he began.

"Yes," said Walter. "Thanks for sending me out to Mrs. Parker's. I got a job there."

"Glad to hear it. She's a nice woman—got it pretty hard now since her son died. Farm help's scarce around here."

"Son!" exclaimed Walter. "You didn't tell me she had a son."

Mr. Strassburg set the sundae in front of Walter. "Bill, that's her son, used to work the farm. Then about two months ago he went swimming one night after workin' hard in the sun . . . got cramps and drowned."

The sundae was good but Walter no longer felt interested in it. He glanced at his feet. *Must be Bill's shoes I'm wearing*, he thought. *And I suppose that's Bill's bike*. At first he was not sure why it disturbed him so much to hear that

Mrs. Parker had had a son. Then he realized it was because that made her a mother and he could still remember how he had loved his own mother.

"How old was Bill?" he asked.

"Just eighteen."

*A little older than I am*, thought Walter.

"Smart boy. He'd of started college this fall . . . right in the next town so he could go back and forth every day and help his ma."

A girl came into the store. She was pretty and neat with long blonde hair and a skirt that stood out at the bottom like on the girls in the movies.

Walter felt his interest in the sundae reviving. He handed Mr. Strassburg the ten-dollar bill. "You can take it out of this," he said.

Mr. Strassburg ran the bill between his fingers. "Seems a shame to break it." He laid the bill on the counter in front of Walter. "This one's on the house."

It was like charity. Walter felt embarrassed in front of the girl. He wanted to make Mr. Strassburg take the money. In the very act of pushing the bill toward the druggist he remembered. That was exactly what he had taken from Uncle Matt. And it had been for a girl.

There'd been a girl, a pretty one something like the one sitting over there. He'd wanted to take her out to a school play and maybe get her a sundae afterward. A fine friend she turned out to be. Had she ever come around after he got into trouble? Not her.

Abruptly he picked up the bill. "Thanks. That's awfully nice of you," he said to the druggist.

He gave a quick glance at the girl. She had a nice look on her face. She wouldn't be the kind to forget a fellow when he was down.

For the first time he thought honestly about the other girl for whom he had taken the money. She hadn't known he had taken

it for her. He shouldn't blame her for what she didn't know. He had only himself to blame.

Walter turned to go. There by the magazine stand, with his back to the soda fountain, was a policeman.

Walter panicked. Had police all over the state been alerted to watch for him? Sure as anything his description would have been broadcast.

He headed for the door, walking on the balls of his feet. Now he was behind the policeman's back, almost to the door.

"Good luck!" called out Mr. Strassburg.

Now the policeman would look. No, he kept on reading a magazine. Without turning his head, Walter waved his hand in response to the druggist.

His mind was issuing orders . . . *Three more steps. The door. You're out. Don't run. Wait, get the bike.*

At first he rode as though pursued but gradually his heart stopped pounding and he slowed down. He became aware of Bill's shoes resting easily on the pedals of Bill's bike.

*Bill!* he thought. *Some people have all the luck . . . a good home like that and a kind woman like Mrs. Parker for a mother. He could be friends with a nice, pretty girl like that one in the drugstore. . . . What am I thinking about?* he wondered at himself. *Bill's dead. How can I say he has all the luck? I ought to be the one who's dead. What have I got to live for? To be a hired man all my life?*

He grasped the handle bars tighter. "Not me!"

Mrs. Parker was surprised to see him home so soon. She was sewing buttons on a tweed sport jacket. She held it out to him.

"Here, Walter. See how this fits."

He slid his arms into the sleeves. It was just a little loose.

(Continued on page 28)

ats said, '... you might's well be one.'



## ● Try a "Be Good to Husband Week"

*(Continued from page 5)*

As he stood in the doorway, staring in amazement, I called, "Surprise!"

"Oh, company for dinner?" he asked.

"No. Guess again."

He scratched his head as he gazed about, bewildered but obviously delighted. "I don't get it."

"Surprise, darling! This is hereby declared: 'BE GOOD TO HUSBAND WEEK!'"

"What do you mean?" he beamed.

I assumed a solemn, judicial manner. "The parties of the first and second part," I intoned, indicating myself and the baby, "having been the cause of incalculable neglect resulting in pain of prolonged hunger, extensive loss of sleep, et cetera, et cetera, to the party of the third part, which in turn have resulted in reduced tonnage, dark circles under the eyes, and a marked loss of good humor to said party of the third part, the first two said parties being of sound mind, do voluntarily take this means of making restitution to the party of the third part. Henceforth, be it known to all: Each day for one week, the party of the third part shall be treated in a manner fitting the head of a household. He shall have all the services and courtesies usually accorded said position, including chocolate cake on demand. In short, he shall be the center of attention during said week."

We were both in gales of laughter as he drew me to him. I knew the injured feelings were repaired.

Though its original purpose has long since become obscure, a periodic "Be Good to Husband Week" has become an established tradition in our family, helping to keep the family balance and to give father his "just deserts." It worked in our family. Why not try it in yours?

## ● Parents Should Set Limits

*(Continued from page 6)*

church became the congregating place for marauding gangs of juveniles bent upon mischief and crime. The situation became so serious that the police began to look with suspicion upon any street gatherings of church young people.

Others have said that juvenile delinquency would be cut if the country had better juvenile courts and a more competent probation system. It is true that there are only 7,000 probation officers in the United States where there ought to be 40,000; but in many places the system is the best that can be had, and juvenile crime still increases.

Investigators for the Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency had one letter from a juvenile court judge. It read, "Everybody knows that in my county we have established a model juvenile court system. It is true that delinquency has increased in our county, but it is obvious that the cause must be found in the breakdown in family life."

Something must be said for this statement. The

problem begins where the youngster begins—at home. Christian family life is the answer to delinquency. Young folks in trouble with the law have come from every level of social standing, economic position, and educational background. Even homes with strong religious ties have felt the crushing burden of a delinquent in the family circle; but Christian parental counsel and guidance can go a long way toward insuring constructive and wholesome lives for young people.

Because of the very nature of contemporary society, juvenile delinquency will continue to exist. As long as unscrupulous men are greedy for gain, there will be questionable movies, sex magazines, and bars where liquor is secretly sold to minors. Therefore, parents must set limits at home. This counsel represents wisdom and promises real juvenile protection. This does not at all mean that the parents are to so dictate to their children as to deny them freedom of choice and expression. It does mean that parents will carefully lead young people to see the responsibility that accompanies liberty. Freedom without restraint becomes license.

Jonathan Boucher, early American clergyman and friend of George Washington, said, "True liberty is a liberty to do everything that is right, and the being restrained from doing anything that is wrong." In 1777 Edmund Burke wrote, "Liberty must be limited in order to be possessed."

For Christians the position of limiting behavior while allowing freedom is made clear in the writings of Paul. In Romans 6:18 he wrote, "Being then made free from sin, ye become the servants of righteousness." In Galatians 5:1 he said, "Stand fast therefore in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free."

In working out a program for setting limitations, parents must keep in mind the basic truth that they must set some limits for freedom's sake. There is no merit in a list of prohibitions imposed only for the purpose of keeping young people out of trouble. Parents must always seek to lead their teeners into a saving relationship with Christ, for whom they must make their own free choice.

Children must become used to the idea of staying within limits and respecting parental authority. It is too late if the first rule a family ever sets down is "Don't break in and steal candy and cigarettes from the corner gas station." In other words, parents dare not wait until children become young people before they start to set limits.

Witness the case of Bob, whose home is in the central part of the state of Washington. He was one of a family of eight living in a floorless one-room shack. He was never made to do anything, and there were few restraints put upon him. Of course, he got into trouble with the law. Several times Bob was placed in the state training school; but every time he was released, he went directly to a service station near his home, broke in, and stole some candy bars, peanuts, and a package of cigarettes. Juvenile authorities attempted to place Bob in a foster home,



but he could not get along. He was helpless. He was put on a farm, and failed miserably. He had been unrestrained and had never had to discipline himself to do anything. He did not even know how to wash dishes. His own parents had impoverished him socially and spiritually by never requiring anything of him or setting any limits on his conduct.

Family limitations should touch upon matters of health, of being helpful around the home, and of caring for family possessions such as the car and the furniture, of respecting the property of others, and of allowing to others in the family their rights and privileges. Families will differ in the way in which regulations are set down. Take television, for example. There is one family where a rigid set of rules regarding TV must be maintained. The rules cover viewing times, approved programs, regulated operation. Another family has no rules of any kind about television, but there are family understandings that church affairs, piano practice, homework, conversation with visitors, devotional exercises, and the reading of good books all come first. These things combine well with a general environment that encourages good taste. It is quite possible for a group of individuals to learn to live as a Christian family even with a picture tube in the living room.

When young people have been long accustomed to some helpful home limitations which make for happiness, their misdemeanors will fall far short of those which call for the heavy arm of a law enforcement officer.

Another thing might be said about parental limitations. There needs to be an atmosphere of democracy about them. Anyone is much happier about being governed if he understands why, and if he has a voice in the matter.

Many a child has asked, "Why do I have to do this?" The parent has responded, "Because I say so!" This is inconsiderate. The child deserves to know why a certain requirement has been made.

The family council is an excellent place to set up limitations and to explain the reasons for them. Parents should allow their children to enter into the process of family rule making. If anything, at first the children will want to make too many rules. Parental wisdom will be needed to keep all limitations wise and workable.

Before the family council sets down a group of rules governing chores, use of the car, magazines, television, bedtime hour, and the like, there is one thing that should be done. The whole aim and purpose of the home should be discussed and the ultimate objective clarified. For the Christian family that purpose should be seen in the growth, development, conversion, and conservation of the new person in Christ Jesus. Any limitations which contribute to the achievement of this goal will be both wise and understandable.

Families who know and practice the limitations of that "liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free" will never contribute to America's soaring juvenile crime statistics.

# Childhood-Cosmopolitan

*By Lillian Richter Reynolds*

I had cast my first ballot at the polls before I crossed the borders of my native state, yet beyond doubt mine was a growing-up that gave me a cosmopolitan outlook. I knew, not from book learning and not from parental teaching, but from actual experience that differences in people need not be divisive. As I look back through the years, I realize that the friends of my childhood taught me to find the person beneath the outer trappings which we call race or nationality or social position. This was true because in addition to the many little girls I knew who were my age, of my faith, my race, my nationality, my kind of family, I also had a variety of friends—some of them with backgrounds quite different from mine.

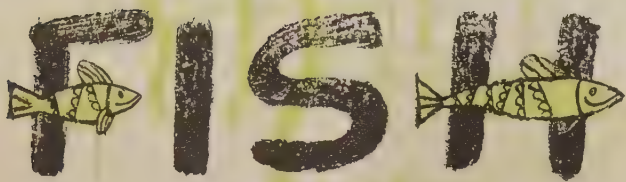
For instance, one of the favorite snapshots in my family's album is of me and a little Negro girl my age. The picture was taken when we were about five years old. She is a smiling, kinky-haired, dark-skinned beauty. I am a somber-eyed, straight-haired Anglo-Saxon, but our hands are clasped, and we are obviously friends. We were friends forever, and perhaps my present Negro friendships found their beginnings long ago when that amusing snapshot was taken.

Then I remember learning about poverty from a next-door neighbor family whose children numbered ten. In my family we knew how it was to wait for new clothes, but the neighbor family taught me about milk provided by social agencies and a diet of peanut butter and bread that could last several days when the father was between jobs. Yet about four of the children who were near my age were my good friends, and their lack of shoes was only a topic of conversation for all of us. They were all endowed with curly hair and Irish blue eyes and quick wits, and it never occurred to me to

*(Continued on page 26)*



tropical



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our

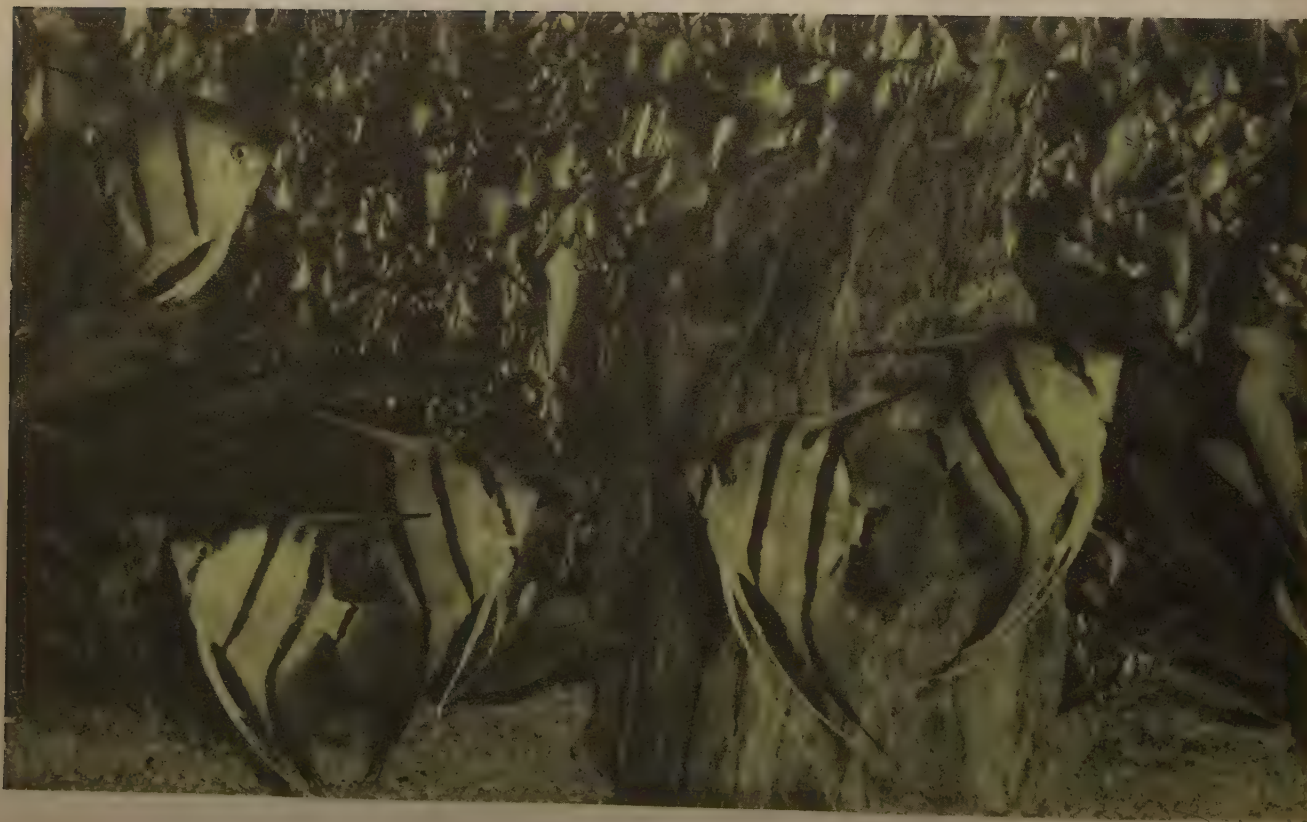
hobby

WOULD you like a hobby that the whole family can share and enjoy the year round? A hobby to keep Papa intrigued, to satisfy Mama's longing for beauty, and at the same time to be fascinating and educational for the children? Yes, and not too strenuous for retired Grandpapa? Our home aquarium has done all this.

We first became interested in tropical fish when we saw a most beautiful aquatic display at the Boston Spring Flower Show a few years ago. Daddy brought home a small tank and a few fish. Then the fun began. Even television lost its glamour for the children. At that time Pennie was twelve, Bradford, ten, and Dana, seven. Now they had a bit of real life, colorful, dashing, darting, scintillating life on display within the glass walls of the aquarium.

Gradually, we all learned the names of the different species, their characteristics, their needs, and their habits. We became excited about mollies born in our own tank, and angry because an angel-fish ate some of our babies. We

*Henry A. Brousseau*





giggled at the clown-like antics of catfish and made jokes about catfish having kittens. We were awed at the sight of a natural phenomenon visible only in an aquarium, plants visibly giving off oxygen in the strong morning sunlight after the night-long darkness.

Of equal pleasure to the children were the tiny goldfish and snails which they caught at a local pond. Brad had made himself a net from a wire coat hanger bent round, attached to an old mop handle, with a curtain for the net. Later, the children marveled at the infinite variety of sea life along the beach. They brought home small fish, a hermit crab, and tiny shrimp from Martha's Vineyard Island. The fish were none the worse for the long boat and train ride in tin cans. All are doing nicely on a diet of raw fresh or frozen fish.

Soon Brad saved up his pennies to purchase a tank of his very own. Then the children set up aquariums in their respective rooms at school. They stock and maintain them to the pleasure and profit of all the children.

Our dinner table conversation is likely to be about controlling algae growth, how to feed fry (baby fish), or "Why do we have to wear rubbers when we go fishing?" Daddy helps the children "look up" and identify their plants and fish. Together they feed and care for the tanks. Together they have built tanks and stands.

As the number of tanks grew, one corner of our basement became our "fish" room. Now the boys and Daddy "slop" and splash without worrying about my living room carpet. The living room tanks are now entirely mine to supervise, and this I do with much pleasure. Daddy made a casing to frame four tanks, two over two, so that now I have aquatic gardens in a truly living picture. No words can describe the beauty of graceful, colorful fish gliding

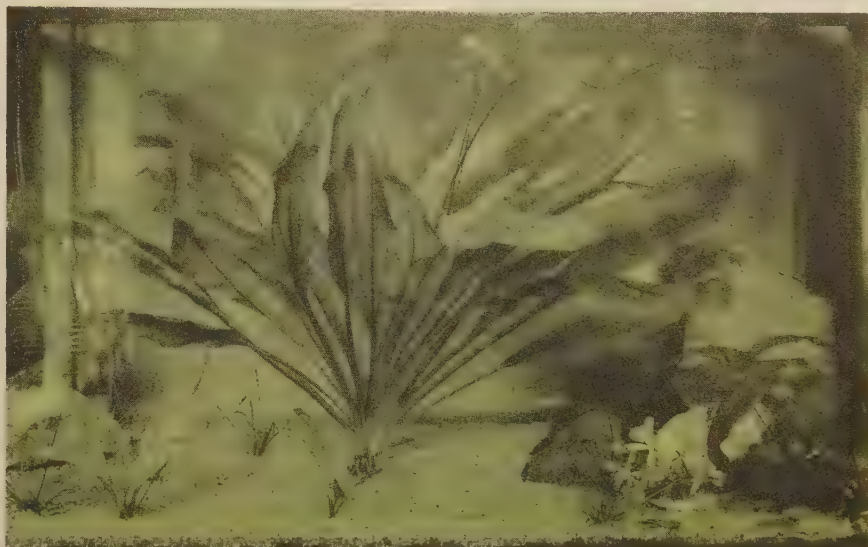
among the soft, feathery green plants. I have all the pleasure of the Chinese emperor of many centuries ago who first put goldfish into bowls. Thus, we share our family hobby.

\* \* \*

Perhaps you would like an aquarium of your own but are reluctant to have one because of the

chased or built at a later time when you are better acquainted with the tropical fish hobby. Then you may want a larger tank and more elaborate equipment and fancy fishes.

It is easy to set up an aquarium whether you start with a ten-cent fish bowl for your mantelpiece, a wide-mouthed cookie jar, a two- or



*Paul E. Genereux*

**This Amazon sword plant adds beauty to a fish bowl or tank.**

cost. Well, the actual cost is really up to your own purse and your own ingenuity. You can enjoy a small two-gallon tank, a pair of guppies or baby angelfish, tiny water plants, and rocks from your own back yards as a background. You may purchase a heater for \$1.50 to \$2.00, and use a small electric light with a homemade reflector. If you live in a heated apartment where the night temperature doesn't fall much below 70°, then you don't even need a heater. (Unless you wish to breed fish!) We started modestly and built most of our own equipment for fun as we became more interested. A neighbor set his tank into a discarded radio cabinet. Another friend built equipment using parts from an old electric refrigerator.

Filters, aerators, and other gadgets are not necessary if you do not overcrowd your tank with fish and do not overfeed. Of course, these gadgets may be pur-

ten-gallon tank, or even an elaborate forty-gallon tank on a wrought iron stand. (How about changing all that water? You rarely ever do. Merely add water when the water in the tank evaporates.)

Put into your container an inch or two of coarse sand or fine gravel. (Beach sand is too fine.) Slope sand toward the front. Then fill container  $\frac{2}{3}$  full. Let stand a few days before you add plants. Be as fanciful as you please with weatherbeaten field stones from your back yard to form a natural or exotic background or foreground for the plants. Or simply stick in a few plants. It is almost impossible to plant an unattractive water garden. Somehow the grace of the plants and the softness of the water blend to make a beautiful picture no matter how you arrange it. Then fill the tank with water and let it stand for another few days before you add fish.

By

**Estelle Mason**



If the water in your tank should become cloudy after a few days, don't change it. Don't worry about it either, as the fish will not mind. In another few days the water will turn greenish, and after a while it will turn crystal clear of its own accord. This is known as aging. It comes about through both chemical and bacterial action.

Aquatic plants may be purchased from pet shops which sell fish, or you may order them through the mail from many dealers. Plants cost from fifteen cents a bunch to \$1.50 and up for choice specimens. Choose young plants, for they are usually healthier, will last longer, and are less costly as well.

The five most popular aquarium plants are eel or tape grass (*Vallisneria spiralis*), arrowhead (*Sagittaria* sp.) Washington plant, fanwort or water shield (*Cabomba* sp.) ditch moss or elodia (*Anacharis* sp.) parrot's feather (*Myriophyllum* sp.). The last three are floating plants which float naturally just below the surface of the water. There are other plants of equal appeal and usefulness, although not so well-known. The Amazon sword plant (*Echinodorus intermedius*) is one of the most gorgeous and is often used as a centerpiece. Water sprite (*Ceraptopteris thalictroides*) is a floating water fern.

Fish and plants complement each other in beauty, and also balance each other in another way. The plants provide oxygen for the fish, and the fish, in turn,

provide fertilizer for the plants. Your local pet shop will help you set up your aquarium complete with plants and fish of your choice.

Goldfish are inexpensive, ten cents to thirty-five cents, and they thrive in water 60° to 70° F. Tropicals need 70° to 80° F. Young fish are fun to raise, they have a longer life span, and are far less costly than older full-grown fish.

Fish that give birth to live babies, such as guppies or mollies, are perhaps the most fascinating. Fish that lay eggs, such as cichlids, are usually more hardy and have a longer life span. Some egglayers build nests of bubbles at the surface of the water. Others build holes in the sand; then by fanning the tiny eggs they turn and protect them until the babies hatch and are able to fend for themselves.

The following fish are colorful, inexpensive, hardy, and most important, compatible. All are available at local pet shops: white cloud, neon tera, Corydora (catfish) *Plecostomus*, cherry barb, platys and wags, velvet swordtails, *Rasbora heteramorphia*, zebra fish, danio, and angelfish. A ten-gallon tank will support a dozen or more small fish without crowding.

Once set up, your aquarium is easy to maintain. Dry fish food is merely sprinkled into the tank. A ten cent to fifty cent container will last for months. Some aquarists even feed canned cat food (eight cents). We prefer, rather

our fish prefer, minute scrapings of fresh or frozen lean meat or fish such as haddock at alternate feedings in place of dry food. It is far better to underfeed than to overfeed. If you should go away for the week end, the fish won't even miss the skipped meals.

An aquarium will bring relaxing, enchanting beauty into your home; and it may also bring your family a host of new friends, because there are approximately 20 million aquariums in the United States. The September 1954 issue of *Tropical Fish Magazine* lists aquarium societies in almost every state and in Canada, Europe, Australia, India, South America, South Africa, and New Zealand. All invite correspondence and new members. There may be a club in your town.

#### Books for Further Study

*Exotic Aquarium Fishes*, William T. Innes, Innes Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

*Tropical Fish as a Hobby*, Herbert Axelrod, Magraw Hill, N. Y.

*Tropical Fish and Home Aquaria*, Alfred Morgan, Scribner, N. Y.

*Freshwater Tropical Aquarium Fishes*, Hervey & Hems, Batchworth Press, London.

#### Periodicals

*Tropical Fish Magazine*, Pioneer Valley Aquarium Society, Springfield, Mass.

*The Aquarium Journal*, San Francisco Aquarium Society, San Francisco, Calif.

*The Aquarium*, Innes Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

The expense of raising tropical fish can be geared to your own pocketbook, fortunately.

Henry A. Brousseau







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*Retirement is not the end of everything for the oldster. Old age is a time to pursue hobbies and interests which one was unable to do before retirement.*

**A** GENERATION ago, while life may have begun at forty, it was generally considered that it ended at sixty or sixty-five. Retirement was the end of everything.

Today, for more and more pensioners it is the beginning.

"I never knew what living was until I retired and began doing the things I'd always wanted to do," says one contented seventy-year-old. "The last ten years have been the best of my life."

Across the country his sentiments are being echoed by older men and women as old age ceases to be an unfortunate climax and becomes a normal, pleasant part of life. As the doors of business close to them, pensioners are finding new doors opening, often to richer, fuller lives than they knew in the past.

"Over Sixty" clubs have become an accepted part of present-day society in most communities. While these offer a new social world with congenial contemporaries, the real secret of the new-found peace of mind and contentment lies within the individual.

The satisfaction that comes with doing something, with filling a niche, with being needed, has offered

the way out of despair (and often added needed income) for many an oldster.

First of all the pensioner must accept the fact that there are limitations as to what he can and cannot do. Just as an over-age athlete would not compete with a current Olympic champion, the oldster must discard the old idea of being in competition with the young. He will find his satisfaction in doing the job he can do best, the one most suited to his present status.

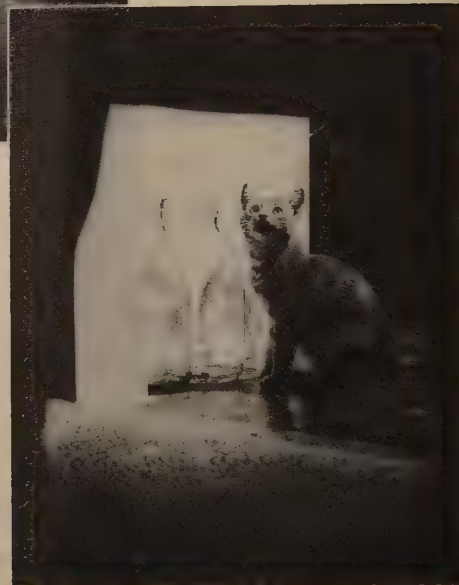
Seventy-four-year-old David B has found the way to fill his days, to pursue his hobby, and to add to his income, doing something he enjoys. "I've always loved dogs," he says. "I used to dream of some day owning a kennel. But you know how it is, raising a family, buying a home. Somehow there never seemed to be time or money." Then a twinkle came into his bright blue eyes. "Now I've got the fun of a kennel and none of the worry or expense."

David B is a dog sitter. Working hours of his own choosing, he exercises dogs during the morning and afternoon, using the time he would ordinarily

*(Continued on page 29)*



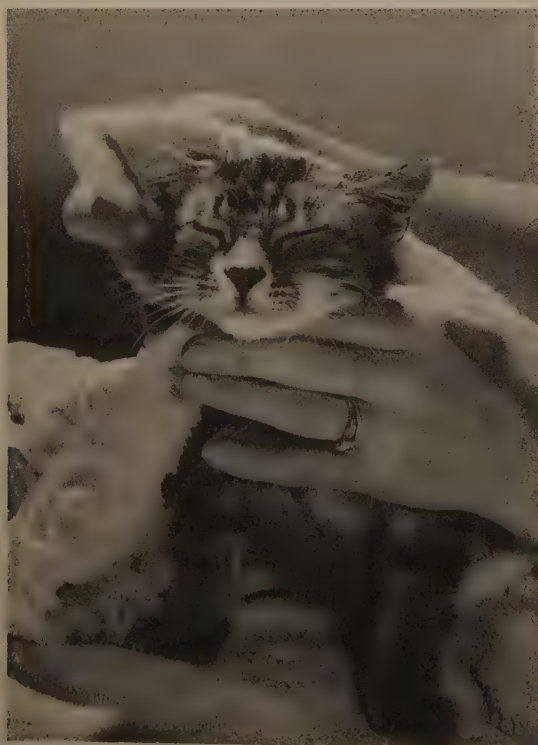
I want my milk  
But where can it be?  
These bottles are empty  
As you can see.



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Something is up!  
I'm hungry you see—  
It's time for my bath?  
You really mean me?



This is just right.  
Oh, how I can purr  
When wrapped in a towel  
To dry off my fur.

By Doris Clore Demaree





I'm sorry but, dear,  
You know I don't care  
To be dipped in my bath  
Then held up to air!

*photos by Will Bragg from Nolph Studio*



# LITTLE BIG SPLASH

By Mildred Hale

Once upon a time, way up in the big blue sky there lived a little raindrop called Little Big Splash. The big raindrops called him Little Drip Drop. Oh, my, but he was happy! All Little Big Splash, or Little Drip Drop, did was play. Now Little Drip Drop didn't play as you and I do. Instead of see-saws and swings, Little Drip Drop used the clouds to jump up and down on! And, do you know what? Those clouds were as spongy as great big marshmallows.

Little Drip Drop was very happy playing this way, for it was spring on the earth below him, and everything was a beautiful green. So he went on playing his game with his very special friend, the Lightning Bolt.

Time passed so quickly that before Little Drip Drop knew it, it was summer. One day he looked at the earth, and found that it was all dry and brown and tired looking. Little Drip Drop was very sorry he had forgotten all about his work at keeping the earth green and fresh and alive.

"Oh what ever will I do?" he cried. "I know! I'll go to the Head Raindrop, and he will call out the army of raindrops, and then they can rain on the earth and make everything right again."

So away he bounced and quickly came to the office of the Head Raindrop.

"Please, sir," said Little Drip Drop humbly, "call out the Raindrop Army so that they may rain on Earth and make her green again."

"Little Drip Drop," said the Head Raindrop, "you should be ashamed. You are not speaking of the whole earth; you are speaking only of a small part. If I called out the whole army to rain on this one place, the people of this one part would be flooded and never again be able to grow vegetables there. Do you really want this?"

"No, sir," said Little Drip Drop, "but what shall I do?"

"That place was given to you to watch over," said Head Raindrop. "You must find out what to do."

Little Drip Drop was bothered. What could he, one tiny raindrop, do? Well, he had to do something. So he went to see his friend, Lightning Bolt.

"I don't know, Drippy," said Lightning Bolt. "I have never had to do anything like that. Maybe the Wind can help you."

So Little Drip Drop went to the Wind. He was a little frightened because the Wind was so loud and bold and—well—so *windy*! But he went!

Now the Wind had been resting, and when Little Drip Drop came to ask him for help, he was so angry he almost blew Little Drip Drop away.

"I DON'T KNOW!" he roared. "WHY ASK

ME? I ONLY HAVE THE JOB OF BLOWING. BEGONE, SQUIRT!"

So Little Drip Drop went home. He was so sad and so sorry he couldn't even *stand* to think of bouncing the clouds that day, and he was so ashamed he couldn't look at the earth. Finally, he just had to tell her he had failed to get help. When Little Drip Drop looked at her, he was so sorry he cried.

And do you know what happened? When he cried, his tears fell like rain on Earth's face. He cried so hard and so long and so much that the Earth turned green and fresh and alive!

Well, when Little Drip Drop saw this, he was so happy and so pleased that he smiled! And the Clouds smiled! But best of all—the Raindrops smiled!

Now he isn't called Little Drip Drop, but by his real name—

LITTLE BIG SPLASH!

Illustration by MacDonald





# Worship in the family with children

## A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

## A Bible Verse

Be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another.

—Ephesians 4:32.

## TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

### Families Help

Mary Anne was playing with her new doll. "Mother," she called, "I wish I had a bed for Cynthia."

"Perhaps I can make one for you when I get through with my work," Mother answered.

"What are you doing now, Mother?" Mary Anne asked.

"Making the beds."

Mary Anne thought for a minute. She put her new doll down on a chair and went into the bedroom. "I'll help you, Mother, and you will be through faster."

"Fine," Mother said with a smile. "Then perhaps I can make

a doll bed out of the oatmeal carton we emptied this morning."

Mary Anne stood on one side of the bed and pulled up the covers. Mother stood on the other side of the bed and pulled up the covers. Soon the bed was made.

Mary Anne looked at the bed. It looked nice. She looked at Mother. Mother smiled and said, "You did your work well. Thank you for helping me."

Mary Anne always felt good when she helped Mother. Mother must have felt the same way, for she hugged Mary Anne and said, "Families should help each other."

**THEME FOR MARCH: God's Plan for Families**







*Merrim from Monkmeyer*

## TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

### Doing Things Together

It was Saturday morning. The sun was shining, and the sky was blue. The trees were still bare, and the grass was still brown, but the March wind was soft and warm.

"What a beautiful morning," Mother said as the family sat at the breakfast table.

"Yes, it is a beautiful morning," Father answered. "This is just the kind of day to begin to think about our garden."

"It is the kind of day to think about spring house cleaning," Mother said with a laugh.

"I think it is the kind of day to play ball," Jack said. "I'm going to find my baseball glove and oil it."

"I think it is the kind of day to take a walk," Marjorie said.

Father laughed. "Four people in our family. Four ideas of ways to spend a lovely day in March!"

"Let's have a Family Council to decide," Jack said.

"The council will have to consider regular Saturday jobs, too," Mother said quickly.

"That's a good idea," Father said. "Family Council is now in session." So all the ideas were discussed. The regular Saturday morning jobs were discussed, too, and ways to do them quickly and well.

When the final vote was taken, all of the family voted for Marjorie's suggestion to take a walk.

The jobs were cheerfully completed. In a short time the family started out. The wind blew their hair. It pulled at their clothes. It felt warm. It smelled fresh and sweet.

"Where shall we go?" Father asked.

"To the woods," Jack said, jumping up and down in excitement. "To the woods!"

"Oh, yes," Marjorie agreed. "Let's do!"

"Do you want to go to the woods, too, Mother?"

"I think that would be a good place to go," Mother answered with a smile.

"Then the woods it will be," Father said. "Let's all keep our eyes and ears open and help each other to see and enjoy things together."

Jack saw the robin first, and pointed it out to the family. Marjorie saw the soft, new, green moss. Mother heard the first bird song. Father smelled winter honeysuckle. As each person told what he had discovered, the family stopped to enjoy it together.

"This is such a good walk," Marjorie said.

"The best part is doing it together," said Mother.

"That is what is so nice about families," Father said, "doing things together!"

"That is God's plan," Mother said softly.



## Blessings

I thank Thee, God, for the blessings

That come to me each day:  
Food to eat, clothes to wear,  
Time for work and play.

I thank Thee, God, for the home  
My parents make for me,  
Where I am taught to work and  
pray,  
To serve and honor Thee.

—Kathleen Elsmore Clarken

## God Knows Our Needs

When rain comes falling from the  
clouds

I like to be indoors,  
But blossoms hold their faces up  
No matter how it pours.

God knows the needs of everything,  
This fact is very plain;  
He gives to me a friendly roof  
And gives the flowers rain.

—Florence Pedigo Jansson

## Why God Planned For Families

If your family has a Family Council, you may wish to spend time in one of your meetings talking about what Christian families should do together. This would include, of course, talking about the responsibilities of each member, as well as the privileges that come by belonging to a family group. If you list what you talk about, your list may be like this:

Families Work Together  
in the yard  
in the garden  
in the house  
in emergencies

Families Play Together  
quiet indoor games  
outdoor games  
hobbies  
hikes  
on special occasions

Families Learn Together  
reading  
sharing experiences

Families Worship Together  
at home  
at church  
on special occasions

*Eva Luoma*

**Call to Worship:** Psalm 133:1.

**Song:** Choose one of the following: "Home," primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 34; "A Happy Day," primary pupil's book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 35; "Glad I am to Grow!" primary pupil's book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 45; "My Work," primary pupil's book, Year Two, Fall Quarter, page 20.

**Prayer:** Dear God, thank you for our home and our family. We are glad that you planned for persons to live in families, to work and play, learn and worship together. Thank you for such loving care. Amen.

**Scripture:** Ephesians 6:1-4.

**Meditation:** Plan your own meditation, based upon the scripture reading, or adapt to your own situation the ideas found in any of the following material: "Bible Rules for a Happy Home," primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 41; "When We Read the Bible," primary pupil's book, Year Three, Spring Quarter, page 36; "Bible Guides for a Christian Home," junior pupil's book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 4; "You Have a Part," junior pupil's book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 12. (If this is used, the questions should be read, and the members of the family may find and read the Bible references.)

**Poem:** Use one of those appearing on this page, or use one of the following: "Mother's Helper," primary pupil's book, Year One, Winter Quarter, page 27; "What Makes a Home?" primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 31; "A Prayer," primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 35; "A Prayer for Home," primary pupil's book, Year One, Spring Quarter, page 45; "Prayer for a Pleasant Home," junior pupil's book, Year One, Summer Quarter, page 16.





*the*

*Faith*

# *of early childhood*

**T**O CULTIVATE the Christian faith of their children the parents must possess basic faith. Carrying out rituals of grace at table and "Now I lay me down to sleep" at bedtime of themselves will not convince the child of Mother's Christian faith. He will be more impressed by the patience she shows him and Father at the dinner table. The little child follows the adage, "How can I hear what you say when what you are speaks so loudly?" His keen sensitivity quickly detects genuineness of feeling.

What are some seeds of Christian faith which parents can plant during infancy and early childhood? They are love, sense of order, emotional security, and awareness of personal worth. If we want these seeds to take root and grow, we do not plant them in soil of abstract words like "It is right to love people." We must sow them in commonplace behavior which the child can understand.

Next in importance to possessing basic Christian faith, parents need to know and understand the course of their children's development. They must realize that each child has his own unique rate of development. Baby sister's behavior can not be judged by Junior's or little Susie's next door.

Parents are teachers, and a good teacher first creates an atmosphere for learning. When teaching her little girl correct speech, the mother is careful to use good grammar. In teaching Christian faith, therefore, surround the child with an atmosphere which demonstrates Christian behavior. For example, you wish to teach that Christians follow Christ's law of love. So you treat him and others with love and tenderness and consideration.

Parents need to prepare themselves for their responsibilities. As soon as they know that a baby is on the way, they dedicate him to God. He does not belong to them, but is an individual personality. They carry out their obligation by guiding the child's God-given potentialities. Mother and Father accept stewardship for his care, yet presume no proprietary rights to him.

A single timetable cannot show specific ages to expect specific types of behavior, because of differences in children's development; but the following outline of developmental stages and their approximate order of appearance may help parents guide the child's spiritual growth and unfold his Christian faith.

## **Infancy (Birth to first birthday)**

*Probable development:* Baby develops strength and learns to live outside the mother's body.

*Suggestions for spiritual and Christian nurture:* During the baby's first year, parents focus most interest on his physical growth. This is, however, the time to consider all the ways in which he will develop. For this the Bible furnishes a guide: "And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man" (Luke 2:52). If parents want their children to follow the pattern of Jesus, guidance will be in four areas—intellectual, physical, spiritual, and social.

We promote spiritual nurture of infants through emotional environment. Mannwell and Fahs in *Consider the Children* say that the beginnings of reli-



gion are found in the emotional essence of a baby's first environment. The famous Austrian psychologist, Adler, declares that before the child is a year old he has formed a philosophy of life. These statements mean that the infant is sensitive to his emotional environment and can feel peace and security or the opposite—tension and disquiet. To provide a rich emotional environment parents establish a sense of order in the schedule of physical care, show the baby affection through fondling and talking, and cultivate an atmosphere of peace and fellowship in the home. Also, in behalf of the new-born they take him to church for formal dedication to God and enroll him in the nursery department of the church school.

## Second year (between first and second birthdays)

*Probable development:* Walk short distances. Recognize moods of others. Imitate simple behavior.

*Suggestions for spiritual and Christian nurture:* Encourage your child to imitate parents in brief bowing of head at table grace and bedtime prayer. Call his attention to natural beauty, as "pretty flower," "good rain." Toward the end of the year express gratitude in terms of the child's world, as "Dear God, we thank you (thee) for this warm blanket"; "It's

raining. The flowers are glad that God is giving them a drink." As the child gains greater independence in moving about and reaching, give necessary restraints a positive, not a negative tone. Share the baby's joy of achievement, but channel it safely and wisely. Sing songs of nature and reverence. Father needs to build up a warm relationship with the child so he can imagine a kind heavenly Father through experience with a kind physical father.

## Third year (between second and third birthdays)

*Probable development:* Learning to do things for himself. With increase in vocabulary, imitates adult talk and asks questions.

*Suggestions for spiritual and Christian nurture:* Answer the child's questions about God, nature, and himself. Satisfy his curiosity but tell only what his limited experience can comprehend. Teach tenderness and need for regularity in the care of plants and animals. Encourage the child to express gratitude for daily happenings, like the milkman's delivering milk and the shoemaker's repairing shoes. Let the family sing together and listen to good music. Talk about church activities, stimulating interest in them. If the church has a nursery program, enroll your child.

When children learn that God created the wonders of nature, they develop a faith which will sustain them throughout life.

RNS





#### Fourth year (between third and fourth birthdays)

**Probable development:** The year may bring negativism and resistance to authority. Heightened social interest spurs desire to play with other children. He can sing, even though off-key. Vocabulary increases greatly.

**Suggestions for spiritual and Christian nurture:** Teach simple poems and prayers. His imagination is rich; so he enjoys stories, especially of the here-and-now type with which he can identify his own experiences. The adult will not point out a moral to the story but will allow the child to reflect on it. This could be the springboard for meditation. Introduce the personality of Jesus through the Christmas story. Begin to tell it as soon as Christmas is in the air. Since this age likes repetition, retell it through the holiday. The sharing aspects of love can be practiced with family and playmates. This includes sharing possessions, taking turns, and learning that things do not always go the way you want. If a new baby

arrives in the family, let the child share in preparations and in his care after birth. When telling about the baby's coming, say that God was responsible for the miracle of conception. Help the older child to know that all children are loved, not just the baby. Love of parents for all their children is the small child's introduction to the idea that God's love encompasses all people.

#### Fifth year (between fourth and fifth birthdays)

**Probable development:** He recognizes differences in personalities. He can carry a tune, do simple crafts, and complete small responsibilities. He wants to know the why and where of things. He works co-operatively with a group for short-term goals.

**Suggestions for spiritual and Christian nurture:** Teach simple nature songs and hymns found in your children's curriculum material. Cultivate giving as evidence of love by making gifts for the family, church school teacher, and friends. Let all the family participate together in some church activities,

## Study Guide

### for "THE FAITH OF EARLY CHILDHOOD"

#### I. Preparation for the Meeting

A. The article stresses that parents need Christian faith and knowledge of child development to nurture effectively their young children's Christian faith. Preparation for the meeting includes both areas of thought and their co-ordination in guiding the child. Parents want specific help and workable suggestions.

B. The committee to plan the meeting should include workers in religious education and child development. Choose persons who know their own fields well and have the imagination and liberality to harmonize the knowledge of the two fields. The religious education viewpoint could be represented by a professional religious educator, the church school superintendent, directors of the cradle, nursery, and kindergarten departments of the church school, and

authors of curriculum and devotional material for children.

1. For child development select a person in one of the following fields: local, county, or state division of child health and care; local nursery and kindergarten teacher; public health nurse; family service organization; professional parent education and family counseling; teacher of child development.

2. Appoint to the planning committee at least two parents—one father and one mother.

C. Some cities and some states and state universities publish bulletins on phases of child care and development. These are free or low cost. Simply and concisely they give facts on growth and guidance of preschool children. Some of this material might be obtained for

preparing the meeting and for distributing to parents at the meeting.

D. Well in advance of the meeting the leader gets in touch with prospective members of the committee. He outlines the purpose of the meeting and asks members to bring to a planning conference suggestions for (1) topics to be discussed at the meeting, (2) plans for conducting the meeting.

E. Hold a planning conference. Clarify aims for the meeting. Decide on speakers. Write out the program schedule with approximate timing. Give suggestions to persons promoting the meeting. Arrange for brief opening and closing meditation appropriate to topic.

F. On the day preceding the meeting the leader checks with all persons having responsibilities to see that plans are clear, to give needed help, and to make substitutions of personnel or plans if required.

#### II. The Meeting

To ignore plans for religious training at home does not mean that the child receives no training there. The parents' way of life unconsciously implants in the child's mind attitudes and ideas about conduct which are bases for his religious beliefs. Need for planning the child's spiritual nurture is the theme for the meeting.

Careful planning by the leader and committee gets the meeting off to a good start. The master of ceremonies of the meeting need not be the leader who co-ordinated plans for it. A parent who is adept at presiding or a professional worker in religious education or child development might stimulate attendance.

The meeting follows the form decided  
(Continued on page 26)



such as picnics and the child's promotion from nursery to kindergarten. Encourage your child to take his turn in family worship, such as grace at the table and choosing hymns for devotionals. Pay attention to poems, songs, and prayers created by the child. Often they reflect attitudes about himself and others and his concepts of God and nature. If the ideas are unwholesome, parents can change them before they are deeply rooted. Stories of Jesus' childhood can be told.

### Sixth year (between fifth and sixth birthdays)

**Probable development:** Child takes responsibility for carrying out jobs alone and with a group. He feels sympathy and understands other people's point of view. His vocabulary is adequate to express his thoughts. He attends kindergarten.

**Suggestions for spiritual and Christian nurture:** The child's love for people can be promoted by telling stories of children of different cultures and in other lands. Make the stories happy and the characters

attractive. Parents can help their five-year-old in group relationships by interpreting the point of view of the playmate whom he thinks of as rival, aggressive, unlovely, different in race, religion, and social status. This teaches love in dealing with all people. Parents can set the example of sharing love by understanding the child's devotion to his schoolteacher. Sometimes parents find this difficult, regarding teachers as rivals for their children's affection. Share the child's enthusiasm for the church school program, guiding him in carrying out class projects, reading story papers to him, and giving him money for the collection. At bedtime encourage him to talk over the day's events and create his own prayers. This can build a habit of personal prayers which vitalize his relationship with God.

Belief in Christian ideals, expression of the ideals in daily living, and appreciation of the child's individual pattern of growth are parents' tools for guiding and nurturing the Christian faith of their young children.

## BIBLEGRAM

by *Hilda E. Allen*

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A Next after the eighth -----	100 54 29 77 118
B Part of the hand -----	31 9 44 27 111
C To twist violently, as in pain --	14 48 94 42 32 76
D Protection for the finger while sewing -----	50 1 23 34 75 95 33
E A present -----	40 65 108 117
F A young deer -----	17 119 37 36
G Very popular vegetable -----	3 26 60 28 78 39
H The early part of the day ----	11 58 98 55 71 45 63
I Sister or brother of your own age -----	114 22 102 66
J Sorrow -----	121 59 87 112 57
K What Sitting Bull was -----	6 52 30 73 64 19
L To tie, nail, or otherwise fix in place -----	67 51 7 81 115 84
M Soiled -----	124 109 68 8 5
N Great danger -----	105 41 80 18 123
O Turned loose -----	89 106 79 97 53

P Drugstore favorite -----	24 16 101 35
Q Picnic basket -----	38 2 70 4 62 90
R Pushed -----	43 15 69 96 10 25
S A long, deep cut -----	56 12 104 61
T Ripped or split -----	103 91 116 120
U Where fingers grow -----	82 99 13 46 74
V Strong tastes -----	113 83 88 85 21
W Got on his feet -----	49 72 107 122 20
X Steaks, roasts, stews, and others	92 47 86 110 93

(Solution on page 28)

	1	2	3	4	5		6	7		8	9
10		11	12	13		14	15	16		17	18
19	20	21		22	23	24	25	26	27		28
29	30		31	32	33		34	35	36		37
38	39		40	41	42	43		44	45	46	47
48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56		57	58
59		60	61	62		63	64	65	66		67
68	69	70		71	72		73	74		75	76
77	78	79	80		81	82	83	84		85	86
87	88		89	90	91	92		93	94	95	96
97	98		99	100	101		102	103	104		105
106	107	108	109	110		111	112	113	114	115	116
	117	118	119	120		121	122	123	124		



## ● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

on in the planning session. Consider a panel discussion including a father, a mother, and specialists from several fields concerned with the topic. A second type of meeting would have a brief opening talk outlining the theme, followed by a short discussion from resource persons in special fields. Whatever type of presentation is used, leave ample time for questions and discussion by parents. The discussion will aim to (1) arouse the parents' awareness of the importance of planning for the child's spiritual and Christian nurture, (2) give parents some specific practical techniques and principles which they can use for the child's guidance, (3) show parents that strengthening their own Christian faith is the best resource for cultivating the children's Christian faith.

A dramatic close for the meeting is a simple demonstration of some principles and methods discussed. Parents might learn the same songs or prayers taught to their children. When the two groups come together, they are prepared to do at least one newly learned thing together. If no children accompany parents, end the meeting with a child's hymn and prayer.

### III. When Children Come With You

A. Probably most of the children accompanying parents to the meeting will be of cradle and preschool ages. Select baby sitters and leaders for each group. When parents arrive, a leader accompanies them to the room where children are to remain. If possible have one leader for each four or five children.

B. Furnish leaders with a choice of materials that may be used by the children—paper, crayons, picture books, and blocks. If the leader is inexperienced, avoid equipment that might cause accidents, like scissors, paints, and small toys that could be swallowed. Also furnish leaders with a few materials to be used in activities with children such as directions for one or two finger plays, words and music for hymns and songs, and words of children's prayers, poems, and stories.

C. Suggest to leaders that they change activities in accordance with the interest-attention span of the group.

D. The children in this group may be in new surroundings, unaccustomed to separation from parents and strange to each other. Therefore, the aims for the session are simple. The leaders might hope to demonstrate some one thing that parents can use at home for the children's spiritual nurture. This could be a hymn, nature song, prayer, verse, or finger play. The experienced leader naturally would accomplish more than the less experienced.

E. At the end of the session when parents pick up their children, a leader in the children's group may lead chil-

dren and parents in a song or prayer that the children have learned.

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## ● Childhood—Cosmopolitan

(Continued from page 11)

think that nice clothes and ample meals might be a basis for superiority.

When the time came for me to begin my formal education and I entered school, I began to take pride in being a good student. With some help from parents and teachers this pride soon expanded into a need to be at the top of the class. My ego was lowered a notch while my appreciation of other nationalities rose considerably through the efforts of a Latin-American boy. He could not speak the language so well as we, though, of course, in addition to his Latin-accented English he spoke his native Spanish. To the 4A class he was no VIP—that is, until the day he outspelled the rest of us. After that he loomed on my horizon as a threat to my top-of-the-class status. By the end of the first six-week period he was well established—not only at the top of the class but so far ahead of the rest of us that we were painfully aware of the gap between. In my section of the country Latin-Americans are not always accorded respect. Be very sure I respect them and have never dared to suppose they were not smart, capable people. Guadalupe was my rival, but he also became my friend and helped me know

how much I needed courtesy and good manners which he had in abundance.

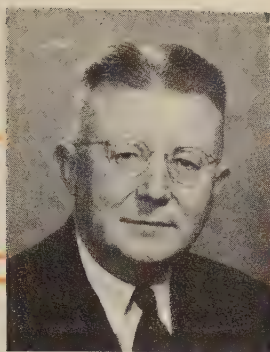
I think of another friendship that never reached a very intimate level. This was one between my school principal, a man of some years and therefore of the age of Methuselah as viewed by an eight-year-old. He lived on my route to school, and sometimes he came out of his house as I passed by, and we walked together. The fact of his possibly not knowing my name made no difference at all. We were friends, and we discussed important things. I remember his telling me that it could be very risky to mail a letter without a return address on the envelope, for it might get lost and could never be returned. Even after I learned to view that bit of advice with a little more perspective I could not learn to disregard the warning. To this day, even the most insignificant bit of mail goes out with a return address. The memory of this man makes me covet for every child a friendship that leaps the barrier of age.

I knew some of these friends were different from me. I do not remember that I regarded it as especially significant, but I did know that my family and the families of these friends were not of the same social group. The friends that I did regard as very, very different were the Japanese twins. To this day I cannot say whether their fascination lay in their Japanese ancestry or in the fact that they came in duplicate. They were not truly friends, for they were several years younger; but they attended my dancing school, and I saw them and their parents often. Their father was a Japanese official in our seaport town, and they were a family of culture and refinement. I still remember their impeccable grooming. Never did I see the two little girls or their mother with so much as a hair out of place. I went through a war unable to use the term "Jap" when speaking of our country's enemy or to appreciate the cartoons that depicted them as monkey-faced creatures with buck teeth. The memory of such dignified, disciplined people as my Japanese friends made me want to maintain their dignity as human beings even while I disagreed heartily with the policies of their government.

Two of my friends were to me not at all different, and it was only after I was full grown that I knew they had worn a different label. Both were American girls my own age who went to our city's public schools—but one was very rich and one was Jewish. I do remember that I was conscious of the fact that my friend whose family counted their assets in the millions was different in two respects. She had a chauffeur-driven car—nearly always at her disposal—and she had her own bathroom with a tile floor admirably suited to the good game of jacks. These things I regarded as advantages. We saved time for playing if the chauffeur called for me, and the tile bathroom floor was

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# Family Counselor

**HAVE** a problem which I would like your opinion on. Specifically, the question is, "Shall I continue to teach Sunday school even though it deprives my husband of a chance to attend church?" I have a nineteen-month-old baby girl whom he stays home with but he is not willing nor would I expect him to get her ready for church. We also have a girl seven and a boy eleven who go to Sunday school but hardly ever to church.

My husband is quiet and doesn't like large groups of people, meetings, and the like. He has a responsible job and has considerable stress and strain in it. He needs the lift churchgoing would give him. He is of Lutheran background and there are many ministers and devoted Christians among his relatives.

I sang in the choir at the previous church and loved that. I have always liked music but my husband doesn't care for it, except western, so I stopped singing in the choir. I haven't joined the choir in the present church as I feel it would mean too many evenings out with workers' conference, P.T.A., and so forth. I have tried without too much success at times to start family worship as I realize how important it is. The children were very willing but again my husband was cold at the idea. Hope you can give me your opinion as to what I should do.

**IF YOU** were certain that by giving up your Sunday-school class, your husband would attend church regularly, you might indeed be justified in doing so. However, I am wondering how you can be certain that this would result from your giving up your class. Would it be your plan to stay home yourself with your nineteen-month-old baby, and if so, would your husband, who doesn't like meetings, go on to church by himself? It seems to me rather doubtful that he would. However, this is a decision that you alone can make.

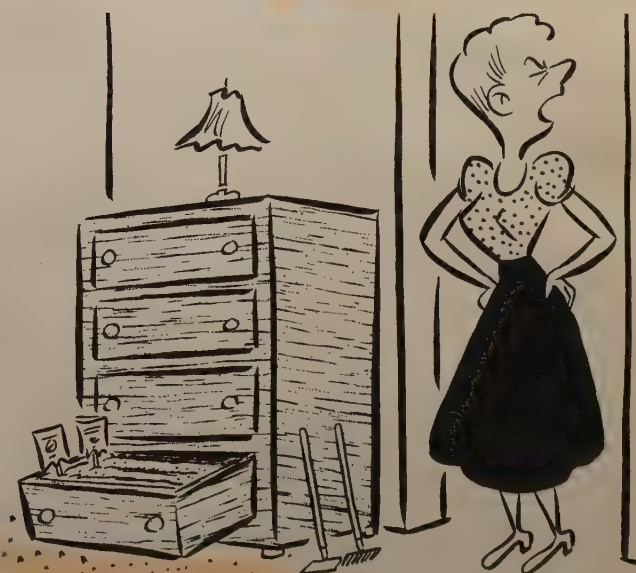
If your church has a nursery during the church hour, the time soon will come when your baby is old enough to remain in it during the church hour. There would be no reason then why you and your husband should not go to church together. You even could continue to teach in the church school. Let me add, too, that it is rather important that your

husband should get acquainted with some of the men of the church. If he does not know them well, you may want to suggest to the pastor that some of the laymen visit your husband and encourage him to participate in the activities of the church.

Instead of trying to "start family worship" in any formal sense, why not go ahead and use the devotional material found on pages 19, 20, and 21 of *Hearthstone*, with your children as you put them to bed at night. Don't ask anyone about beginning. Just begin! Encourage your husband to participate, but do not insist that he do so. His hesitation in the past may have been due to fear of embarrassment, but as you get in the habit of having prayer and a period of worship with the children at night, he may find it easier to participate than he had anticipated.

*Donald M. Maynard*

**WILBUR**



"Wilbur!"



## ● Even the Youngest Belongs

(Continued from page 3)

was not so sure he could live without dessert for two weeks. Tim had slipped quietly away. Now he came back carrying a picture which he held out to Daddy. "This is a picture of some children who *never* have any dessert," he said. "They are hungry. Our powdered milk is going to children like them, Mrs. Gray said."

The older children looked a little sheepish. Soon Daddy called for a vote, and all six hands went up, voting to save the dessert money for two weeks.

This little incident gave Tim a whole new start with the family. There had been many times when he could have been given a chance to help, or to express his ideas, or to bring information needed, the parents realized. They resolved that if one recognition such as this could make Tim so happy, and change his attitude as it seemed to do, they would see that he was left out no longer.

Mother and Father talked with the older children about it and encouraged them to listen to Tim, and to talk to him, not as a baby but as a person who had worth-while ideas and a right to express them. Then they resolved to make sure that his voice was heard and his wishes considered along with those of each member in the family council.

It wasn't all smooth going, of course. It would have been easier if, from the very beginning, they had made Tim really a part of their family life. The older children often lost patience with what they considered baby ideas. Sometimes Daddy had hard work slowing down to wait for Tim's contribution. They worked at it together, however, and gradually, Tim became sure that he, too, belonged to the Carver family.

Other families who find they are leaving out the youngest and want to do something about it will want to consider the following principles:

1. Treat each child, no matter how young, as a person with a right to be respected.
2. Divide the work so that each person has a job he can do and for which he is responsible.
3. Respect each person's vote on every subject and encourage good sportsmanship when the majority vote goes the other way.
4. Take turns in suggesting what the family shall do together, such as going swimming, having a picnic, going to the zoo, visiting a museum, or playing games together.
5. Consider each person's interests and abilities, and provide opportunity for each to contribute in family worship. (Tim might share a song he has learned; Steve, a story from the Bible; Bob, a Bible passage; and Nancy, a prayer.)
6. Encourage thoughtfulness and consideration of each other's preferences.

## ● The Cooky Jar

(Continued from page 9)

"Look at yourself in the mirror," she said.

He wanted to stand in front of the mirror and admire himself from all angles but allowed himself only a quick look.

"It's fine," he said, removing the jacket and handing it back to Mrs. Parker.

"Keep it," she said. "Take these up and try them on. You'll be wanting to dress up and look stylish one of these days, just like all the young fellows." She gave him a pair of gray gabardine trousers.

It seemed to Walter he was always standing in front of Mrs. Parker, wondering what to say.

"I see you didn't get your hair cut," she said. "I'll have a go at it, myself, after supper."

Walter looked startled.

She laughed. "You needn't look so worried. I won't put a bowl over your head. I'm not a bad barber, I've been told."

Walter grinned. "I'll risk it, Ma'am."

The middle of the next week Mrs. Parker told him she was going to have an oil furnace installed. She went to town in the morning and on her return went immediately to the pantry.

Walter thought, *She's going to pay cash for that oil burner. This'll be worth taking.* He'd been here long enough, anyway. Someone from the reform school might catch up with him. He ought to be going farther away to some big city where he could get lost in the crowds.

After dinner Mrs. Parker tucked her hair into a dust cap and announced she was going to clean the cellar.

"I can't let that furnaceman see such a mess," she said.

As soon as she was out of sight Walter went quietly to the pantry. It was almost too easy. There was a stool pushed up to the cupboard. He stood on it and straight ahead of him was an old brown cooky jar.

It was as he had surmised. The money for the furnace was there.

He did not feel the satisfaction he had expected. Instead, he could think only of how Mrs. Parker's face would look when she realized he was not to be trusted.

As he stood hesitating, a terrible crash echoed through the house. Mrs. Parker's voice screamed once, "Bill!"

Walter thrust the money into the jar and ran to the cellar door.

At the foot of the stairs lay Mrs. Parker amid a sea of shattered fruit jars. One leg was strangely twisted as though it was broken.

Now he could take the money and leave safely. Obviously she could not move. It might be hours before anyone would find her and by then he would be far away.

She looked up then and saw Walter. "My leg's broken," she said. Walter could see how she struggled to keep her voice steady. "Call the doctor. The number's on that paper by the phone."

It would be rough on her, waiting for hours until someone happened to come.

"Yes, Ma'am," he said. "Lie still."

He ran to the phone. "I'll wait," he told himself, "till I'm sure the doctor's coming."

After he had phoned, he thought of her lying on the cold cellar floor. He snatched an afghan and cushion from the davenport and ran down the cellar steps.

Gently he slid the pillow under her head and covered her with the afghan.

She attempted a smile. "That's much better. I'm lucky you're here."

Walter stood beside her uneasily.

"I called you Bill," she said. "He was my son."

Walter nodded.

She seemed to want to talk. Maybe it made her forget the pain.

"Calling you like that's made me realize I've gotten to thinking of you as a son." She glanced at his feet. "Those're his shoes."

*I should be on my way,* Walter thought. His feet seemed rooted to the basement floor as though Bill's shoes could not run away from his mother.

Walter stared unseeing at the asbestos jacket of the old furnace, his mind racing. *She trusts me. And she needs me.* At last he knew what he had to do. *I can't leave her no matter if it means getting caught. And I can't take her money, either. If I did I could never live with myself again.* A heavy load lifted from his shoulders.

(Continued next column)

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

(Biblegram on page 25)

**SOLUTION:** "Happy is the man who finds wisdom, and the man who gets understanding, for the gain from it is better than gain from silver and its profit better than gold." (Proverbs 3:13-14)

### The Words

A Ninth	M Dirty
B Thumb	N Peril
C Writhe	O Freed
D Thimble	P Soda
E Gift	Q Hamper
F Fawn	R Shoved
G Potato	S Gash
H Morning	T Torn
I Twin	U Hands
J Grief	V Tangs
K Indian	W Stood
L Fasten	X Meats



He sat down on the bottom cellar step.

"I've got to tell you the truth." His voice sounded hoarse to his own ears. "Then you probably won't want me around. But I've got to tell you. I ran away from reform school."

Her face betrayed no shock.

"I heard about your escape on the radio the day after you came here," she said calmly. "I called the head man of the school and told him where you were and that I'd be responsible for you."

"You knew," he said, amazed, "and you let me stay!" He struggled with himself again. "That's not all. I came here to rob you."

"Well, you didn't do it," she said crisply, "and what's more, I don't think you ever would."

"I couldn't. You were too good to me."

"Then we'll forget it," she said in her decisive way. "The authorities have been doing some checking on your case. They found out a few things about your Uncle Matt. They think you'll be all right, that all you need is a chance. And so do I."

Walter did not trust himself to look up. "You mean I can stay?"

"Do you want to?"

"Want to! I never wanted anything so much in my life."

"I'll expect you to go on to school the way my Bill would've done."

"Yes, Ma'am." His chest felt tight with happiness. "I'd like that."

The doctor's quick steps sounded on the back porch. Walter ran up to meet him.

## ● Retire and Start to Live

*(Continued from page 15)*

be walking in the park. He looks after the feeding of pets during the owners' week ends out of town, or during their working hours. Occasionally, he actually sits with overpampered pups while their indulgent owners take a night out.

George K, a seventy-two-year-old grandfather, whose grandchildren are grown, is making the most of his fondness for youngsters. You could call him a professional grandfather. In the past six years he has "adopted" or has been adopted by two successive families. In both cases he has moved in with the family and has become their beloved "Gramp," whittling boats, telling stories, and singing songs to little boys. The job has double advantages: it gives him a real sense of belonging, and it materially stretches his pension. (He lives rent and board free, though he frequently, in the traditional style of all grandparents, gives presents to the boys, thus giving himself an added sense of independence.)

Martha H, a sixty-eight-year-old widow with a passion for parties and crowds, has turned her interest in people into a money-making hobby. She arranges parties, anything from a birthday party for a four-year-old to a full-scale din-

*(Continued on page 30)*

by Loie Brandom

# A Shamrock Social

Come gather 'round, ye young and old,

For we've a plan we'll now unfold;

A Shamrock Social is its name,  
There'll be fun and food and many a game

To entertain; so read on below  
For the date and time, and where to go.

So come one and all for we need you there,

To add your support, and do your share.

Date      Hour      Address

For a church or neighborhood gathering, what could be more appropriate for a jolly get-together than an affair of this nature?

Decorations should be in green and white with a plentiful supply of green cardboard shamrocks suspended from the crepe paper streamers.

As the guests arrive, pin on the back of each a green cardboard shamrock bearing the name (in white ink) of some well-known person in past or present history. The person on whose back the shamrock is pinned should not be allowed to see the name on his own shamrock, for from the remarks, actions, and descriptions of the others who greet him, he must figure out for himself the person he represents. This stunt keeps the guests circulating and gives each one a chance to speak to the others.

**Shamrock Scramble** is a good game for the younger set

of guests, while the older ones help form the circle. All the guests are divided into teams, and each team chooses some young person to represent it. The other players form a large circle with all the chosen representatives in the center. The contestants are then blindfolded. Lots of cardboard shamrocks are scattered on the floor inside the circle. The blindfolded players stand upright until the starting signal is given, then all drop upon their knees and begin picking up shamrocks as fast as they can. They can only pick with one hand, as they hold their collection of shamrocks in the other one. When the signal ending the contest has sounded, the judges count the number of shamrocks each contestant has been able to pick up, and the one having secured the largest number, wins for that team. Of course, during the contest, the team members are busy rooting for their entrant.

**A Shamrock Race.** Divide the guests into couples and assign the couples to teams. Line the teams up behind a starting tape, with a goal line at the opposite end of the room. Provide the leading couple of each team with two five-inch size shamrocks cut from green cardboard. At a signal the young man of each leading couple lays a shamrock on the floor in front of his partner, who steps on it with one foot, keeping the other foot off the floor, while she waits for him to place the other shamrock one

*(Continued on page 30)*



## ● Retire and Start to Live

(Continued from page 29)

ner party, for a flat fee. She finds a caterer and arranges entertainment, invitations, prizes, and all details.

Laura and John C find their pension is enough for them, but at seventy-eight and eighty-two they feel their lives are just beginning. They have bought a tiny house—paid for it, too—their first in forty years. They have had their thrill from planting their first garden and watching birds nest in their tree. John has turned to carpentry; Laura, to painting cupboards. Justly proud of their work which ranges from a shelf in the bathroom to a roomy, cheerful sunporch, they are happy and contented.

In each case, the oldsters have followed the seven cardinal rules for a full and happy old age.

1. Abandon the idea of competition with youth.
2. Accept age as a normal state, like adolescence.
3. Know your limitations, whether imposed by age, health, or ability. Don't be afraid to try something—but don't be afraid to admit defeat.
4. Stop when you are tired.
5. Don't take on so much it becomes a chore rather than a pleasure.
6. Never stop thinking of yourself as a person—and a mighty interesting one, with special talents, traits, and possibilities.
7. Accept the wisdom of Robert Browning when he said, "Grow old along with me, The best is yet to be."

## WADE

### and FOUND WETTING

*When rains falls, little  
girls and boys*

*Anticipate aquatic joys:*

*They love to splash the  
puddles through,*

*The more, it seems, if shoes  
are new!*

—Ina S. Stovall

## ● Shamrock Social

(Continued from page 29)

step in advance so she may put her other foot on it. The man then repossesses the first shamrock and places it for another step forward. In this way, step by step, the couple proceed to the goal line and back to the starting point where they hand the two shamrocks to the next couple in line on their team, who repeat the performance, and so on until all have had a turn. During the race, however, if any girl of any team allows her foot to touch the floor, that couple must return to the starting line and begin again. The team whose last couple are first to regain their original place in line, wins.

**Shamrocks for Safety.** With the same green cardboard shamrocks used in the game above, try this jolly stunt. Have one less shamrock than there are couples playing. The partners lock arms, and to the tune of lively Irish music march among the shamrocks until the music stops suddenly, at which time all the couples except one should be standing with one foot of each partner on a shamrock. The couple not on a shamrock drops out of the game. One

## GOD'S PICTURE

*Small Bonnie exclaimed  
with wide-eyed revelation  
after a flash of lightning,  
"Mamma, look! God just  
took a picture."*

—Frances Brown

shamrock is also removed, and the game proceeds until only one couple is left. These two may be adorned with shamrock crowns as king and queen of the festivities, and allowed some special privileges during the remainder of the evening, such as leading the guests in a parade into the supper room, being permitted to award the prizes, and so on.

From among the guests choose six or more of the jolliest most fun-loving young men, and ask them to choose girls for their partners. Send them into another room with a guard to see that they do not "peep." In the meantime, a Blarney Stone that has been constructed ahead of time out of gray paper stuffed with cotton is suspended from the ceiling in such a way that it can be made to rise suddenly to the ceiling, by someone who is stationed at the side of the room and who manipulates the string attached to a pulley from which the head-high Blarney Stone is suspended. Bring in only one couple at a time, place them on opposite sides of the Blarney Stone, and tell them that at the count of five, each one is to try to kiss the Blarney Stone before the other one. The counting begins, and as the count of five is reached, the string is jerked, the Blarney

## BIBLE BOOK OF THE MONTH



Jeremiah is by some said to be the greatest of the Old Testament prophets.

1. What hope did Jeremiah hold out to his people?
2. As you read, note what claims to greatness Jeremiah had.
3. The letter Jeremiah wrote to the exiles (chap. 29) is said to be one of the world's great letters. Do you agree? Why?

## ● Childhood—Cosmopolitan

(Continued from page 26)

less scratchy on bare legs than cement walks. I do not remember that I ever felt it a hardship to live in a linoleum-floored, one-bathroom house or to walk half a block to the streetcar. Our friendship was a real, warm one, and maybe that is why it would seem foolish to me to limit my friends to those who have neither more nor less money than I.

My Jewish friend, a chum of high school days, was a good student, popular, an excellent athlete, and the possessor of a fine set of Jewish features. She looked typically Jewish, she practiced her faith in good fashion, she rattled in Hebrew to impress us, and she forever made me respect her people. All the old clichés about Jewish people make no dents on me. When someone begins a derogatory remark with "All Jews are. . ." I think of my friend and reply, "I have not found them so."

Childhood friendships are real. Perhaps only a few of us are fortunate enough to have friendships as varied as mine were. I doubt that any greater treasure could be given a child than to help him learn to like the world's peoples and to appreciate rather than to deplore differences. If to this can be added pride in his own heritage and loyalty to the faith of his fathers, then he is rich indeed.

I lived in one small city, but only geographically was my childhood narrow. In all the ways that count it was broad as the world, thanks to my friends.

Stone rises suddenly, leaving the greatly surprised contestants in a predicament which causes much merriment for the other guests. This couple can then enjoy watching the other contestants.

The green and white color scheme may be carried out in the refreshments by serving squares of white cake frosted with green icing in shamrock shape, and green punch. Green and white mints in shamrock-shaped boxes make suitable prizes for the various contests.



# BOOKS

## for the Hearthside

### For Children

What would it be like, after years of captivity, to face the prospect of freedom to go back to the homeland from which you had been taken? Children who read **Mara of Old Babylon**, by Elizabeth P. Witheridge, (Abingdon, Nashville, 1955, 128 pages, \$1.50) will be transported back to Bible times when the Hebrew people were captives in Babylon. Mara is a young girl whose family makes the trip back to the land she had never known. Although this is an entirely fictional account, it gives a feel of reality and is authentic in background. The great prophet of Isaiah 40—55 is also one of the major characters of this thrilling story. Lucille Wallower illustrates the book with realistic drawings.

\* \* \*

Children of other lands are always interesting and so is Tadeo in **Only the Strong**, by Robert C. DuSoe (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 1955, 133 pages, \$2.75). He is a young Indian with New England John Webb's blood in his veins. He lives on the Rancho Las Palmas, once a fair green ranch of many cattle, but now a dry, dusty desert land due to an earthquake which had cut off the river water from the ranch. The story ends up in a surprising climax which will keep young readers interested to the last page. William D. Hayes adds

charm to the book with his drawings.

\* \* \*

Tuna fishing forms the background for **The Silver Fleet**, by Ernie Rydberg (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York, 1955, 150 pages, \$2.50). Young Sebastian, eleven, and his red-headed friend from Ohio, have some exciting experiences and good times when they finally are taken on a fishing cruise with Sebastian's father. The Nebraska author, transplanted to California, has had a varied life that contributes reality to the material of his story. Both boys and girls will follow the two boys' exploits with interest and amusement.

\* \* \*

In **Ponds and Streams**, written and illustrated by Margaret Waring Buck (Abingdon, Nashville, 1955, 72 pages, \$3.00), is a different kind of book. Children and possibly older young people, as well as adults, will find much to interest them in this record of the life of trees, plants, insects, fish, birds, and small mammals that live in the wet places near ponds and streams. You will learn many interesting details of the creatures that make their homes in, on, or near the water.

### For Young People

**Adventure in Store**, by Helen Miller Swift. Longmans, Green

and Co., Inc. 242 pages. Price \$3.00.

Parents who try to engineer the lives of their children should read this book after their teen-agers are finished with it. Joan Peters wants to have a career in a department store in spite of the fact that her mother wants her to be a singer. Joan gets a job as a stockgirl in a department store, with the hope of eventually becoming a buyer. Mama has Joan enrolled in a music school for the fall semester, and Joan has a difficult time convincing her mother to let her continue working in the store.

Joan meets a charming rascal named George Bennett, who sends her pulse palpitating. Also vying for the affections of this disarming lothario is a chic little blonde named Barbara. Joan also meets a girl named Teresa Novak, who comes from a "very closely knit family," and her cousin Mike. Joan learns that you can't tell a package by its fancy wrappings—for all of George's charm he doesn't compare with Mike. Through working in the store Joan gains a greater understanding of people and learns how rewarding it is to be unselfish. Teen-age girls will especially enjoy this book.

\* \* \*

**I'll Know My Love**, by Pearl Bucklen Bentel. Longmans, Green and Co., Inc. 218 pages. Price \$3.00.

On a midsummer night in Finland in 1939 Sirkka Raita and her brother Jaakko make a pledge to come to America someday—Sirkka, to study to become an actress; Jaakko, to study engineering. War breaks out in Finland, and Sirkka and her family become refugees. In a relief package sent by a family in Ohio Sirkka receives a copy of *Tom Sawyer*. This book is a milestone for the young girl. She studies dramatics in her own country and then receives a scholarship to study in America, as a result of the efforts of "Mother Anna," her friend in Ohio. Teen readers will like the element of romance which flickers into the story, and they will also gain knowledge about Finland and its people. An excellent book.





# Over the Back Fence



## ● Alcohol's Part in Crime

The FBI, which is probably not padding its figures for the purpose of bringing back prohibition, reports that offenses due to the use and misuse of alcohol were responsible for 60.9 per cent of all arrests for criminal acts during 1954.

The actual figures are these: Out of a total of 2,776,389 charges for all crimes reported in 1,732 cities, 1,691,836 were for alcohol-related offenses. These totals break down into the following categories:

Drunkenness	1,191,785
Disorderly conduct	329,394
Driving while intoxicated	122,779
Liquor law violations	47,878

These figures do not include charges of assault, rape, and offenses against family and children in which alcohol often is a major factor. Your daily newspaper will contain a host of illustrations of this fact.

These figures should be kept in mind and referred to, both mentally and vocally, when you read or see the blatant advertisement, "Beer Belongs." For beer is probably the chief culprit in this matter. Latest figures available when this was written indicate a decline in hard liquor consumption but an increase in so-called non-intoxicating beverages.

Next time conversation gets around to the subject of crime, call attention to these figures. They will surprise many people, and they should be more widely known.

## ● Some Tests of Growing Up

One major point of tension between parents and teen-agers is the matter of growing up. The latter complain that the former do not realize that they are growing up, and the parents protest that their young people should give evidence of maturity by their actions.

A recent study suggests these four tests for adolescents to rate themselves on their MQ (Maturity Quotient):

1. How do you spend your leisure time?
  - a) Just drowse around doing little but day-dreaming.
  - b) Have fun doing something useful and satisfying.
  - c) Frequently race around so hard that you feel exhausted for hours afterward.
2. How do you spend the extra cash you have?
  - a) Spend it foolishly, just to impress your friends that money means little to you.
  - b) Show that you are budget wise, try to buy what you need at bargain prices.
  - c) Hang on to every dime you can get. Always let the other fellow pay the check.
3. How do you choose your friends?
  - a) Pick them just as you please. They are your chums, why should parents interfere?
  - b) Realize that your friends gradually do become a part of you. Therefore, you try to choose friends whose associations will help you be a better person.
  - c) Watch your step about the tricky problem of friendship. Rather than choose wrongly and have to drop friends, you prefer to go it alone.
4. What are you doing about career plans?
  - a) Why plan? Let future take care of itself. Who knows where he'll be in five years?
  - b) Work out the best plans possible, knowing they are subject to change.
  - c) Feel so worried about future that you cannot face the task of making plans.

Of course, the (b) answer is nearest correct. Here is a subject for a family council or table discussion period some time.



# GIVE



THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN AND ADULTS, INC., 11 S. LASALLE STREET, CHICAGO 3, ILL.

"Whoever receives one such child  
in my name receives me."

— JESUS (Matthew 18:5)



for giving and reading

# this Eastertide

**INDIA TODAY!** By Jack Finegan. Fifty photographs to take you there—to a new republic strategic to Asia and to the world! This account of a rising international power is concise and objective and concerns its contrasts in geography, fighting for independence, religions, political forces, philosophies and people. An important book for anyone interested in world affairs. \$4.25

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**VICTORY OVER DEATH.** By A. J. William Myers. Designed to help in examination of attitudes on reality of death. Points out some implications of God's eternal love at this time. Paper, 50¢

**A MAN CAN KNOW GOD.** John Henry Strong. Written from the author's own rich experience, this is the moving record of how God became the guiding spirit in the author's life nearly fifty years ago. Dr. Strong came to know God in regard time as sacred and to realize the holiness of humanity. \$2.00

**PATHS THE MASTER TRAIL.** By Kelly O'Neill. Eight penetrating Lenten sermons bring Christ's faith and experience into a personal fellowship with Jesus. Beginning with an incident in Christ's ministry, each meditation gives a new analysis for the practical application of these principles today. \$1.75

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**CHRISTIAN UNITY AND PRINCIPLES OF CHRIST.** By W. L. Garrison. Condensed and carefully interpreted pertinent facts on Christian unity from the 1954 Yearly Council of Churches' Evanston Assembly. Tells how to make the principles of Christ strength and more effective in unifying churches. \$3.00

**IN PASTURES GREEN.** By W. Boreham. Meditative thoughts born of profound personal experience, provide a ramble through the Twenty-third Psalm. They pour comfort and grace into the hearts of readers. A beautiful meditation with exquisite gravure and handsome photographic illustrations. Paper, 75¢

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